

Ra's Al Ghul

by Mydog

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Summary: Follow Oliver down his new path...

1. Chapter 1: Prologue

****Chapter 1: Prologue ****

****Nyssa Al Ghul ****

My footsteps were distant actions. My mind was someplace else. The only thing I know is that I have one chance at escape and it is currently up my sleeve. Up the sleeve of my sheath styled wedding wear. The black dress with my expensive vial and fabric train.

Arriving beside Al Sah Him I look ahead, only sparing my _future husband, _a small glance. Nodding my father tells the priestess to begin.

"There is no vow more sacred."

Her words brought a lack of air to my lungs.

"Nor covenant, nor holly."

"Then the one between, Man and Woman."

A pang of hurt sprung towards my old, dead beloved. Sara.

"With this ceremony your souls are bound together, forever joined."

My mind could never imagine a life where I would be condemned to be connected to this pretender that stood next to me. _Forever_, the word ringed in my mind.

"You will never be free."

I could already feel the mental shackles.

"You will always be held captive by your love for each other."

I broke, lost control. I swung, my last bit of hope, towards Al Sah Him. I prayed and pleaded to any of the gods listening.

My hand stopped. Blocked. My nemesis, my rival, once again won. He removed the knife from my trembling fingers, his solid eyes gazing into my watered ones.

"Continue." Was his voice. A command. The same voice and command I would be expected to follow as his wife.

"And for this shared life, we offer blessings, barakat."

To me the words read, meant, I was never going to be free. I am now the wife of the demon.

2. Chapter 2: Revelations

****Chapter 2: Revelations****

****Nyssa Al Ghul****

After the ceremony everything was a blur. I remember being wed to Al Sah Him. I remember the guards taking me to a bathing chamber and telling the servants something. I was washed, scrubbed, and dressed. My hair was let down, out of it's ceremonial style. Finished, the servants once again called for the guards. They led me to a bed chamber that was not recognizable to my eyes.

Once inside they left me and closed the doors on their way out, most likely also locking them. For a few seconds I stood absolutely still, my mind working overtime to process what just happened.

I am the wife to the demon. I am the second most powerful figure in the league.

Taking in my clothes I notice the servants dressed me in a silk robe, with laced undergarments. The silk robe was full of various colors but the color green stood out over them all. From this a small, sad, smile crawls on my face. _He even branded me with his color.

—

Looking around the room I notice it is about 50 feet by 70 feet in size and 30 feet tall. In the center facing the balcony was a king sized bed. The walls and floor were stone, lit by torches.

Taking inventory I look for any sort of weapon. _Nothing. _There was nothing sharp of anything that could be made sharp.

Moving to the balcony in a defeated fashion I lean against the railing and wait, as the obedient wife I am supposed to be_. Not. I am a free spirit, not a caged animal. _

The chamber door opening was my indication that somebody entered the

room. I could hear no footsteps, and only one person who could sneak up on and be able to best me, Al Sah Him. I wonder if the guards would be hearing the sounds of a wedding night. _No. _I shake the thought from my mind.

Still though I do not turn or address him, which should be disrespectful but this pretender does not know league tradition.

"You know I really did not see this coming." He spoke first. Still I do not reply, but my hands shake with anger. How can he, the reason for this marriage, complain.

"I need to take out the plane." He begins, but I soon interrupt him.

"And why would you be telling me this?" I question harshly, maybe a little too harshly.

"Because I did not think you supported your father." He responded simply coming to stand next to me by the railing.

"I do not." Was my simple reply but I also add, "But, I don't support you either."

With my last word I lunge at him, intending to pin him down. I miss just barely. _Curse his reactions. _Again I lunge and am partially rewarded. I am able to bring him to the floor but I also fall. He is up first and pins me to the cold balcony floor. He straddled me with one hand holding my hands above my head and the other holding my face, much like my father did.

"I did not come here and pretend to be Al Sah Himl for you to ruin all of it. Do you understand?" I was actually a little scared at his tone but regained some of my dignity and mumbled a yes. Taking my answer he gets up and walks into the room.

"I heading to bed. Feel free to join me we you remove yourself from the floor." He tosses over his shoulder with a sly grin. I immediately rush to get up and brush the imaginary dust from my clothes.

****The next morningâ€|****

I slowly surfaced from my sleep. This was the one time in many days I got a complete night of sleep. The blankets were warm and my pillow was especially comfortable.

"Finally you're awake, I was almost ready to stop playing human pillow." Al Sah Him's words fill my mind. _I wonder what he means by human pillow. _

Crackingopen one eye I find myself staring at a well muscled chest.

Ah shit.

I shoot up instantly, using my hands to push of his chest and rolling to the side. Looking over myself I notice that I am no longer wearing my robe but am only in my lace undergarments.

Quickly I grab a sheet and cover myself but am too slow. I hear the appreciative whistle from my husband. I look at him with such anger he somewhat pales but quickly regains his mask of emotions.

"Now I am going to take a shower and get ready for crashing a plane, you should also get dressed. Maybe though you should leave theâ€" He didn't get the chance to finish the the sentence before I got up and left to the walk into the closet.

****Entering Palmer Technologiesâ€"****

My husband dropped down a second before me, landing in a deep crouch. I on the other hand landed in a defensive form with my bow drawn with an arrow notched. I immediately took in my surroundings. The friends of Sarah and my husband were all around computer monitors, while one of them had a gun drawn and pointed at my husband. I quickly aimed at the threat, Diggle I believe his name is.

The room is frozen for a second, no one moved.

"Nyssa." My husband said. I glanced down at him but continued to point my bow. Sighing, he reaches up and slightly pushes my bow hand to the side, forcing my aim away from his former friends. I relent and release the pull of my bow string, but not un notching my arrow. My husband stands and strides towards Mr. Diggle.

"Johnâ€" He tries to approach him but is quickly met with a fist to the face. I act accordingly, as his wife, and draw my bow once more. I do not waver in my action, which I silently congratulate myself for.

Again Oliver reaches up with his hand, while saying my name, to redirect my bow. Again I lower my bow, but I do not drop my serious gaze.

"Oliver what the hell man!" Diggle practically yells. Oliver does not back down, but his face becomes set in a mask. Also he does not respond verbally, or physically.

"Nysaa, how can you defend him!" Laurel joins in the yelling, causing a small smile to crawl my lips.

"He is my husband, the right to hit him is mine alone." With this comment Al Sah Him lets out a small grunt of protest, earning a small smile from Malcolm. Laurel look flabbergasted while Felicity and Diggle looked overly pissed off.

"Now back on topic, I'm sure Malcolm told you that we are on a limited time line. Let's get to work."

****The team continues in their mission and stops the virus from killed starling city. The major game changer would be Al Sah Him does not kill Ra's Al Ghul and returns to Nanda Parbat with Ra's. Al Sah Him does manage to postpone the destroying of Star City. After returning to Nanda Parbat, with his wife, Al Sah Him continues his storyâ€".****

****Chapter 3: ****

****Nyssa Al Ghul****

"Is the dead done." I ask warily of my husband.

"It matters on what you consider the deed." He replies evenly.

"Is my father dead?" I get to the point.

"Yes." He replied quietly, while looking straight into my eyes.

"I wanted to be the one." I state, showing my resentment towards him.

"I know." Was his equally plain response. I continue to stare him down. Me standing and him sitting. The door behind me opens and Mr. Palmer sticks his head in.

"Guys we are meeting in the other room." And with that he left. Oliver looks to my eyes and stands.

"Let's go get the memo." With that he turned and left.

****Meeting with the othersâ€|****

I was a few steps behind Al Sah Him as we entered the main room. Apparently we were the last ones to arrive because a few finallys were muttered. No one said anything as me and Al Sah Him took our side of the room, with malcom, while everyone else was 10 feet across from us.

"Well this is extremely awkward." Ray comments out loud to no one in particular.

"Ra's is dead, I'm still recovering from my bout with the dam." My husband informs the group. I cringe inwardly in symphony, falling down that dam and living was extremely lucky. I was particularly disappointed that neither Ray nor Felicity took the opportunity to save him using the metal flying suit. Again an awkward silence enveloped us. Looking to all the different faces in the room I stop and take in my husband. He was standing tall and stern but if you paid close attention you could see him swaying slightly. He shifts his feet, showing me the chest bandages that he applied from the fall. They were red.

"I will be right back." I state to no one in particular as I leave the room. I walk through the halls to the improvised medical section. Searching through the different bandages and creams I find the proper wrappings. Walking back to the other, at a brisk pace, I start to hear shouts. I shrug it off as a simple misunderstanding and continue on my way.

Then came the gun shot.

I froze, dropping all the medical supplies.

I failed.

No.

_I do not know if it's him. _

I ran, all my assassin like instinct put into my strides. My feet pounding the ground.

I didn't bother to open the door, I burst right through the glass. Landing, with shards of glass flying around me, I search the room. My hand positioned on the handle of my blade, ready to take action.

Then I saw him.

I failed.

Laying on the floor, blood spreading from beneath him, my husband lay. His face was pale and eyes wide. Lungs gasping for air, but denied the privilege.

Growling loudly, I draw my short sword and take a defensive position standing over my husband, constantly turning to keep an eye on everyone.

Taking a second my mind processes what my eyes are trying to tell them. John stood with a handgun drawn and pointed to the ground. Still rolling was the bullet casing. Felicity had a hand covering her mouth, eyes wide. Ray stood straight as a board. Laurel stood with a grim face, not moving.

I was at a loss at what to do. _My husband was under me, bleeding out! _Taking a quick look down I assess his situation. He was shot in the stomach. Even worse it was a through and through, making it practically impossible to stop the bleeding. My husband was officially Ra's for one day and he is about to die. This fate is also bad for me, if my husband were to die and the league was unable to use the Lazarus pit on him, I would be classified as a widow. And as the marriage states, '_you will always be held captive by your love for each other', _so if Al Sah Him dies I will be forced to join him in the afterlife. Simply I would be killed also.

Seeing my weapon drawn, Malcolm, Laurel and Diggle also ready their weapons.

"Everyone Calm Down!" Ray tries for peace but I would have none of it. I hear the displacement of air behind me and turn, blocking Malcolm's sword. Him being stronger than me caused me to almost lose my footing, which caused me not to notice Ray inject me with something till it was too late.

**An unknown amount of time laterâ€¦ **

"Why did you protect him Nyssa, why would you betray us like that?" Laurel asks for the hundredth time. I give the same answer.

"Because, Laurel, he is my husband and it is my duty to protect him." My words sound hollow and meaningless even to my own ears.

"That is a false and stupid reason, and you know it Nyssa." She does

not know how much the words made me mentally struggle. Sure I could run and hide, but my husband would eventually find me.

"How is my husband fairing?" I question Laurel. Sighing she replies with a sarcastic voice.

"He is the same as ever, still fast asleâ€|" she didn't get to finish before the door flew open with a loud bang. Laurel's reactions were fast but not fast enough. A wave of black cloth tackles her, sending her and the other person rolling. Laurel tries to fight but the assassin was too fast. Before she new it the Canary was in a headlock and loosing oxygen. Right before she looses connection to her air supply she makes eye contact and conveys an obvious message. _Why did you betray me? _That message alone threatened to buckle my knees.

"My lady, we are to meet the other rescue party at the Starling City Airport. Will you come willingly?" His question catches me off guard at first, but I quickly regain my well earned confidence.

"I will come willingly, do you think me as stupid to run from my husband." I answer him.

"No my lady, just clarifying. Now we must leave." He changes subjects quickly. Nodding I give him an _okay, _and gesture with my hand for him to lead the way. Taking my command the assassin and his fellow members walk out the door with me following close.

My fate has been sealed.

4. Chapter 4: Moving Along

****Chapter 4: Moving Along ****

****Nyssa Al Ghul ****

The black leather seat below me groaned in discomfort as I shifted my position ever so slightly. The ride to Starling City Airport was filled with silent reflection and thoughts.

_My father is dead. _I am now fully free of his unfatherly actions, his cruel form of justice, and his disappointment when it comes to my love life. I continue to tell myself I should be happy, I should feel free, but I am still saddened. My father was my fall back, my rock. He raised me. He made me the person I am today.

_My father was killed by my husband. _I am the wife to Al Sah Him, now the wife of the Demon's Head.

_My husband fell of a dam, and was later shot, fatally. _Being the wife to the Demon I am connected to Al Sah Him, we are bound. He dies and is unable to be resurrected by the Lazarus Pit, I will be put to death. It is though different if I were to die. If I were to die my husband would be released from our marriage and given the option, as Ra's, to take another mate.

_I was 'rescued' by the league, from my husband's old friends, while my husband was also rescued and immediately taken to Nanda Parbat to be healed. _The remaining 'Team Arrow' will now feel betrayed and

angry towards me, leaving me with less allies.

_I am currently traveling to the airport to board a League cargo plane back to Nanda Parbat. _I am to start a new part of my timeline.

"My lady, we will arrive soon. Do you have any requests before we leave Starling City." The monotone voice of the league's driver reaches my ears. I don't give any indication of hearing, giving myself a few seconds to think. I reconsider everything I'm leaving behind. I am leaving Laurel, my living connection to Sara. I am leaving freedom, becoming the wife of the Demon. If I was to return to Laurel and try to explain she would just insist I stay, not understanding the traditions I was taught and practiced as a child.

"No, I do not have anything to do in Star City." I respond in an equally monotone voice.

****Arriving at Nanda Parbatâ€¦****

I dutifully walk down the ramp of the metal monstrosity that flew me into my home. Oh, how I hate planes. The stunt with Al Sah Him, or as I should now call him, Ra's Al Ghul a few days earlier involving a cargo plane only reinforces this feeling.

"My lady." An assassin bows to me as I walk in through the entrance to Nanda Parbat. "Ra's Al Ghul has been healed by the Lazarus Pit, inches from life, and is currently recovering in his quarters.

"Appreciated." I simply state in response and change my direction to my husband's rooms. Briskly walking down the endless corridors I am bowed to by every league member I intercept. Being the bride of the Demon, I am now the second most powerful figure in the league, and am showed the proper respect.

At one point I walk past the Lazarus Pit chamber, catching a small glimpse of the ceremonially clean up from when my husband was healed. _Maybe at some point I will have a chance, granted by my husband, to enter the Lazarus Pit. _A tiny smile lines my face at the thought.

Turning into the last corridor I immediately notice the twelve assassin guards. They were guarding a set of double doors, which were elaborately decorated and engraved. The guards were equally split, six to the right of the doors and six to the left. As I approached I didn't need to utter a single word as the two closest assassins reached out and swung open the doors.

Entering the room I suddenly took in the lavish furnishings and fabrics. Colorful carpets laid everywhere and majestic art lined the walls. Secondly I took in the amount of servants fussing about, most centered around the bed.

"Everyone out." I command, not particularly loud but stern enough to get everyone's attention. All the servants, who were barely dressed due to league tradition, left in a hurried fashion. Once the room was cleared I noticed my husband lying, unconscious, on the bed. He was dressed in rich silk fabrics and was freshly washed. Stepping closer

I spy his expression, which for once is calm and stressless. He looked like an ordinary man, excluding the scars and extremely muscular body.

Tearing my gaze away from my husband I walk towards the lounge area. Three low couches made a half circle around a huge fire place built into the wall. Taking a seat on the middle couch I recline and relax. The cushions gave way to my weight, wrapping my lower half in warmth. The fire place previously warmed the pillows causing my eyes to start to droop and close. Slowly I lay down and curl up on the cushions falling into the dream world. My last thought being, _not a bad start. _

****The next morningâ€¦ ****

I feel warm. I feel safe. I feel protected. I feel at home, my mind is back to normality even when my situation is far from the nor. Opening my eyes simultaneously the comfortable light of my husband's quarters penetrates my eyes. A small smile engraved itself on my face, _at least this world had small mercies. _

Sitting up I survey my surroundings. The fireplace was now just a heap of coals, while the balcony was closed of by a heavy curtain. Looking to the bed I notice that my husband was nowhere to be found. Immediately on alert I start to stand, not noticing the arm being extended to my left. A single finger taps my shoulder and I practically jump over the couch.

"Hey it's just me, jees. Nyssa what is going on? Why am I in Nanda Parbat." I still am trying to recover from my scare so I don't respond immediately. "Hey are you able to speak? Speak." I straighten and start a respons.

"You were shot by John Diggle causing you to put into a comma. Your old team tried to better your health but were unsuccessful so they just kept you barely alive with medical means. The league had regrouped by then and broke you out, while also rescuing me from your old team's grasps. We are currently in Nanâ€¦" I was swiftly interrupted by Ra's Al Ghul. "Diggle shot me. Why would he do that?"

"He most likely shot you due to you saying one of your not so smart remarks." I suddenly realise what I said and back track. "I meant one of you more offending remarks, forgive me." My husband decides to ignore my apology and continues questioning me.

"When your father explained to me the terms of our wedding he explained that you were to protect me. Where were you?" I instantly stiffen.

"I was retrieving medical supplies to change your bandages. I, again, apologise and will accept and punishment you deem worthy for not protecting you." I lowered my gaze mentally preparing myself.

"Nyssa look at me." My husband commanded. Obeying I looking into his eyes and saw sympathy with a little regret. "I will not punish you for something I caused."

"Thank you husband." I say with relief and a small bit of joy. _I was accualy married to someone with a heart. _

"Now tell me, what is my situation here?" He questions.

"You are Ra's Al Ghul and the entire league is backing you. My husband, you are the most powerful man in the world." I give a small smile. "Also you have my support as a wife and friend." With the last bit he also smiles.

"Maybe this will actually work out." He gives an optimistic reply. "But first I need to establish myself here. Firstly I want every major city, in the world, to have a league base and safe house. Secondly, I want a league escort to retrieve my sister." He command looking straight into my eyes.

"It will be done." I bow at the waist and leave the chambers.

5. Chapter 5: Rough Start

****Chapter 5: Rough Start****

****Nyssa Al Ghul****

I spent the last few days in Nanda Parbat organising and oiling the well made machine called the League of Assassins. Following my husband's orders I was to leave Nanda Parbat later in the day to travel to Starling City. In Star City I am to retrieve Thea Queen.

"Come my beautiful wife, join me." My husband calls as I walk into the Lazarus Pit room. Lately, Ra's Al Ghul has become more situated with his role. He has become a strong leader and head figure for the league. Now he commands and orders without hesitation and he does not take no as an answer.

"Absolutely my husband." I reply stepping up the right side stairs. While ascending the few steps I drop my articles of clothing. I strip till I am only in my undergarments, which were moderately modest. Dropping my clothes as I walk, servants quickly go to pick them up.

"Tell me how goes your day?" My husband asks as I step one foot into the Lazarus Pit, immediately feeling the rush of energy.

"My day goes well. The league is running efficiently and I am prepared to travel to Starling City to retrieve your sister." I Inform him.

"Good. Now tell me how do you feel?" He questions me while staring directly into my eyes. His stare always made me shiver, no matter how hard I tried to resist it. It made me feel nervous, feel exposed.

"I am fine husband. My life has taken an interesting turn, which at first I resented, but am learning how to handle." He nods and smiles.

"Good to hear, now let us relax. Tell me a story or tale." I smile at his silliness. He might be one of the most powerful men in the world but he still able to keep his charm.

"Alright. When I was younger and still innocent in life Iâ€|

****Deboarding at Starling City Airportâ€|****

_Oh how I have not missed the American city smell. _I think to myself as I walk to the League provided vehicle. Opening the back door to a black jeep I enter the expensive leather interior. Following my assigned bodyguard enters and closes the door behind herself.

"Where to, Nyssa Al Ghul?" The driver asks.

"Take me to Palmer Technologies." I command with a neutral face.

"Right away, my lady" Looking down I frown at my clothing. Having to be out in _normal society_ I am forced to dress _normally. _The scratchy and roughness of the fabrics irritate my skin, having gotten used to silk fabrics in Nanda Parbat.

Sighing I look out the window, taking in the city life. This place brought a sense of sadness onto me. The home city of my dead beloved.

"Ma'am we are here." Opening the car door I step outside.

"Come Zahra we are on a timeline." I call back to my young body guard.

"Sorry miss." She responds and picks up her pace. My bodyguard was young, around nineteen.

Entering the front doors of Palmer Technology I make sure to walk with pride and grace. I am a queen, I am to be seen as one.

"Walk with pride Zahra, stop sagging in your steps." I command my young companion. She immediately straightens and walks with certainty.

"I apologise my lady." She apologises once again. Having arrived at the front desk I inform the assistant that I have a meeting with Felicity Smoak.

"Yes, please take the elevator down that corridor." The young blonde points me in the elevators direction. I nod my thanks and start my way to the CEO's office.

The elevator doors open and I exit into the glass filled corridor. I always preferred the stone of my home.

Entering the CEO office I stride in confidently, followed by Zahra who also held her chin high. Looking around the room I take in my surroundings. I spot Felicity and Ray sitting on the low black couches talking and laughing.

"Hello old friends." I speak up letting the two extremely smart minds in the room know of my presence.

"Oh, hello nyssa. What are you doing here?" Asks Felicity as she starts to stand from her chair.

"I am on business for my husband." I reply, anticipating the blondes response negative response.

"Well great, just when life was becoming better again, that ass pushes his way in." She frowns deeply. Zahra, hearing Ra's Al Ghul being insulted straightens and reaches for her hidden knife.

"Zahra relax, she meant nothing by that. Even if she did it would be my responsibility not yours." Turning back to the other two people in the room I continue. "Now if you could please contact Thea Queen my husband commands her presence."

"What makes you think that you can come in here and start demanding things." Ray palmer asks pointedly. I bitterly smile at him. "Well Mr. Palmer I am married to Ra's Al Ghul and I believe I have to right to know where my sister-in-law is." Felicity is even more enraged at my statement, while Palmer just stands to his full height and tries to intimidate me.

"Again, give us a real reason to help you or I will call security." Palmer threatens.

"I am just following orders and was wondering if you could, peacefully, point me in the direction of Thea Queen." I again insist.

"Let us consider this. Now please follow me to a empty conference room where you and your young friend can wait." Palmer tells us in his businessman voice. Nodding I follow Mr. Palmer to the conference room with Zahra leaving a peaved and steamed Miss Smoak behind.

**Fifteen minutes laterâ€¦ **

"Sorry for the wait, but we had to contact a few associates before we just handed Ms. Queen over to you." The voice of Ray Palmer fills the room as he enters through the only door.

"Patience is a virtue I learned long ago Mr. Palmer. Now let us come back to the topic at hand." I insist with a bland voice.

"Okay then. I have consulted Ms. Queen and she has no intention of returning with you to Nanda Parbat." Me. Palmer informs me with his best glare. I return it with a cold hearted gaze which I have perfected over the years. To his benefit my gaze shot at him without him flinching, but nevertheless I won the silly staring contest.

"Mr. Palmer you, once again, do not understand my motivations." He raises a single eyebrow at my stern tone. "I am here, under my husband's orders, to retrieve Ms. Queen. He did not specify how it should be done." The tall brain of a man once again tried for an excuse but I was on a rant and was not going to be interrupted.

"I will use whatever means necessary to accomplish this goal." I point a single finger at him. "Coming to you and Mrs. Smoak was a peaceful method of accomplishing this goal. Now, for the last time, I ask where can I find my sister-in-law?" I end my question in a harsh tone. The billionaire in front of me hesitates and then straightens

coming to a decision.

"I am sorry about this Nyssa." Was his rushed sentence before he fled the room. Quickly Zahra and I stand from our chairs, both armed immediately with daggers of different curves and lengths. I take to running across the table while Zahra choose to run around the rim as the glass doors begin to close across from us. _We should have sat by the only exit. _At the end of the table I leap the last distance, desperately trying to get the blade of my dagger in between the sliding glass doors.

The doors seal shut just as my dagger's point bounces off the glass, not even making a scratch. _Impossible. _On the other side of the glass I see Mr. Palmer and Ms. Smoak looking evenly at Zahra and me. Continuing to stare at the pair with complete hatred I watch as Ms. Smoak types a command into her tablet. As a response the multiple air vents in the room begin to spew a white gas.

No. NO!

I look to my companion and in Arabic say, "I am sorry for this if we do not make it out of here." She looks at me with fear but understanding.

"It is my destiny to serve you. If it means dying with you too I will accept it." She replies equally in arabic, with seriousness in her voice that surprised me.

My mind clicks suddenly, I have a cellular device. Sara always said I should carry one for when I must contact someone in an emergency. The league does not usually use modern technology but the top assassins usually carry a device. With flying finger I type a message to my husband.

_Help captured. _I hit send then everything goes black.

End
file.